

PASTORALS,
EPISTLES, ODES,
AND OTHER
ORIGINAL POEMS,

With TRANSLATIONS from

PINDAR, ANACREON, and SAPPHO.

By AMBROSE PHILIPS Esq;

—— *hic Cæstus Artemque repono.* Virgil.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER.

MDCCXLVIII.

PASTORALS
EPIGRAMS
AND OTHER
ORIGINAL POEMS.



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MDCCLXVI.



TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS

DUKE of *Newcastle.*

MY LORD,



HE Honours of your
antient and illustri-
ous Family, which
that noble Writer

ALGERNON SIDNEY places

A 2

among

DEDICATION.

among the first in these Kingdoms for Prerogative of Birth, the Titles which You have long worn with distinguished Lustre, and the high Station which You have many Years filled, and now fill, in the Government, give Your GRACE a just Preheminence in the Community; but they are Excellences of a more exalted Kind to which this Tribute of my Respect is paid. Your early Zeal in the Cause of Liberty, which

manifested

DEDICATION.

manifested itself at the Close of
a late Reign, when the worst of
Schemes were promoted against
this Nation by the worst of Men,
the Association (of which I had
the Honour to be an humble
Member) into which You then
entered, with some others emi-
nent for their Birth, Fortune, and
Knowledge, for securing the Suc-
cession of the House of HAN-
OVER to the Throne of these
Kingdoms, your Taste of useful
their and

DEDICATION.

and polite Literature, and the Encouragement which You have been always ready to give to it, your friendly Regard to, and Connection with, that University which has been the Nurse of the greatest Statesmen, Heroes, Philosophers, and Poets, of *English* Growth, and the open Liberality of your Heart on all laudable Occasions, must give You a Place in the Affections of all *Englishmen* who know the Interest of
b118 their

DEDICATION.

their native Country: and to those Virtues, more than to the private Friendship with which your GRACE has long honoured me, I make this Offering of the few poetical Pieces which were the Produce of my leisure, but some of my most pleasant, Hours: your GRACE will be able to distinguish those, which have been printed before from those which now make their first Appearance: and I number among the Felicities

DEDICATION.

cities of my Days this Opportunity of approaching You with something perhaps not unworthy your Acceptance; and I have the Honour to be,

My Lord,

Your GRACE'S

and most humble Servant

April, 1748.

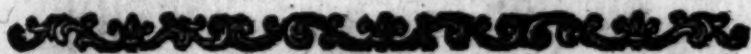
AMBROSE PHILIPS.



P A S T O R A L
P O E M S.

Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

VIRG. Ecl. 6.



P A S T O R A L

P O E M S

Notes on the subject of the Poem

V. 1. 1. 1.

1



P R E F A C E.

IT is somewhat strange to conceive, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering, especially, that it is of the greatest antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremost, amongst the smaller poems, in dignity. Virgil and Spenser made use of it as a prelude to Epic Poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting.

There is no kind of Poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the Pastoral boast after a peculiar manner: for, as in Painting, so in Poetry, the Country affords not only the most delightful scenes and prospects, but likewise the most pleasing images of life.

Gassendus (*I remember*) observes that Peireskius was a great lover of musick, especially the melody of birds: because their simple strains have less of passion and violence, but more of a sedate and quiet harmony; and, therefore, do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner, the Pastoral Song gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the Epic and Tragic Poems, by the vehemency of their emotions, raise the spirits into a ferment.

P R E F A C E.

To view a fair stately palace strikes us indeed with admiration, and swells the soul with notions of grandeur: but when I see a little country dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unspeakable sort of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing my kinder fortune would place me in such a sweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are the only Poets who seem to have hit upon the true nature of Pastoral Compositions: so that it will be sufficient praise for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.



PASTO-



P A S T O R A L
P O E M S.

The FIRST PASTORAL.

L O B B I N.



I F we, O D O R S E T, quit the city-throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your command, be present : and, O
bring

The Muse along ! The Muse to You shall sing : 4
Her influence, *Buckhurst*, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the fam'd *Sicilian* Swain.

Begin. — In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store, 8

Lobbin, a Shepherd-boy, one evening fair,
 As western winds had cool'd the fultry air,
 His numb' red sheep within the fold now pent,
 Thus plain'd him of his dreery discontent ; 12
 Beneath a hoary poplar's whisp'ring boughs,
 He, solitary, sat to breathe his vows,
 Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
 As passion taught, in accents free of art : 16
 And little did he hope, while, night by night,
 His sighs were lavish'd thus on *Lucy* bright.

" Ah, well-a-day ! how long must I endure
 " This pining pain ? Or who shall speed my cure ? 20
 " Fond love no cure will have, seeks no repose,
 " Delights in grief, nor any measure knows :
 " And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;
 " The brightening stars increase within the skies ; 24
 " The winds are hush ; the dews distil ; and sleep
 " Hath clos'd the eyelids of my weary sheep :
 " I only with the proling wolf constrain'd
 " All night to wake : with hunger is he pain'd, 28
 " And I, with love. His hunger he may tame ;
 " But who can quench, O cruel Love, thy flame ?

" Whilom

PASTORALS.

7

- " Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
 " Up-raise my heedless head, then void of care, 32
 " 'Mong rustick routs the chief for wanton game;
 " Nor could they merry-make, 'till *Lobbin* came.
 " Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
 " To please the lads, and win the lassies' hearts? 36
 " How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
 " Wont they, upon the green, to shift their feet?
 " And, weary'd in the dance, how would they yearn
 " Some well devised tale from me to learn? 40
 " For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 " To chase the loitering sun adown the sky:
 " But, ah! since *Lucy* coy deep-wrought her spight
 " Within my heart, unmindful of delight 44
 " The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
 " To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 " Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless Fair!
 " 'E're, ling'ring long, I perish through despair. 48
 " Had *Rosalind* been mistress of my mind,
 " Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more kind.
 " O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
 " How flying years impair the youthful prime! 52
 " Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever stay,
 " And flowers, though left ungath'red, will decay:

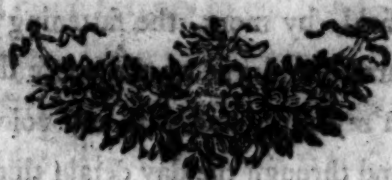
- " The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring !
 " But beauty faded has no second spring. 56
 " My words are wind ! She, deaf to all my cries,
 " Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 " Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
 " She gads where'er her roving fancy leads ; 60
 " Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chace !
 " Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
 " She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
 " Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind. 64
 " No-cruel purpose, in my speed, I bear ;
 " 'Tis only love ; and love why should'st thou fear ?
 " What idle fears a maiden-breast alarm !
 " Stay, simple girl : a lover cannot harm. 68
 " Two sportive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear ;
 " Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear :
 " A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
 " And teach the fondling from my hand to feed : 72
 " Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
 " Of every dewy sweet the morning yields :
 " From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
 " Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow : 76
 " And when,— But, why these unavailing pains ?
 " The gifts, alike, and giver, she disdains :

" And

- " And now, left heirefs of the glen, ſhe'll deem
 " Me, londleſs lad, unworthy her eſteem : 80
 " Yet, was ſhe born, like me, of ſhepherd-fire ;
 " And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
 " O ! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
 " Or could I half the warineth I feel impart, 84
 " How would I wander, every day, to find
 " The choice of wildings, bluſhing through the rind !
 " For gloſſy plumbs how lightſome climb the tree,
 " How riſque the vengeance of the thrifty Bee ! 88
 " O ! if thou deign to live a ſhepherdeſs,
 " Thou *Lobbin's* flock, and *Lobbin*, ſhalt poſſeſs :
 " And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
 " If liquid fountains flatter not ; and why 92
 " Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
 " The bordering flowers leſs beauteous than they grow ?
 " O ! come, my love ; nor think th' imployment mean,
 " The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean, 96
 " To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
 " 'E're the warm Sun drink up the coolſy dewſ,
 " While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I chear
 " Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear. 100
 " How would the crook beſeem thy lilly-hand !
 " How would my younglings round thee gazing ſtand !

- " Ah, witless younglings ! gaze not on her eye :
 " Thence all my sorrow ; thence the death I dy. 104
 " O, killing beauty ! and O, fore desire !
 " Must then my sufferings, but with life, expire ?
 " Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
 " Spring after spring I wither, nipt with scorn : 108
 " Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
 " Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
 " Sleep, sleep, my flock ; for happy ye may take
 " Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake. 112

Now, to the waning moon, the nightingale,
 In slender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale,
 The love-sick shepherd, listening, felt relief,
 Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief, 116
 'Till, by degrees, her notes and silent night
 To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.





T H E
SECOND PASTORAL.

T H E N O T, C O L I N E T.

T H E N O T.



'S it not *Colinet* I lonesome see,
Leaning with folded arms against the tree?
Or is it age of late bedims my sight?

'Tis *Colinet*, indeed, in woeful plight.

4

Thy cloudy look why melting into tears,
Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears?
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful lad, when all things smile around?
Or hear'st not lark and linnet jointly sing,
Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the spring?

C O L I N E T.

Though blithe their notes, not so my wayward fate;
Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state.

12

Each

Each creature, *Thenot*, to his task is born,
 As they to mirth and musick, I to mourn.
 Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
 My tears oft' mingling with the falling dew.

16

T H E N O T.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain;
 Or who may, then, the weight of eld sustain,
 When every slackening nerve begins to fail,
 And the load presseth as our days prevail? 20
 Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
 As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn, bend
 Spite of my snowy head and icy veins,
 My mind a chearful temper still retains: 24
 And why should man, mishap what will, repine,
 Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine?
 But tell me then: it may relieve thy woe,
 To let a friend thine inward ailment know. 28

C O L I N E T.

Idly 'twill waste thee, *Thenot*, the whole day,
 Should'st thou give ear to all my grief can say.
 Thine ewes will wander; and the heedless lambs,
 In loud complaints, require their absent dams. 32

T H E

PASTORALS.

13

THE NOT.

See *Lightfoot* ; he shall tend them close : and I,
'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.

Does there one smiling hour my youth attend ? 36

Though few my days, as well my follies show,

Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe :

No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,

My lowering sky, and wintery months, to cheer. 40

My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,

Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see :

Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,

The mark of storms, and sport of every wind : 44

The riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring ;

Nor birds among the leafless branches sing :

No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds throng

With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song. 48

Ill-fated tree ! and more ill-fated I !

From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

THE NOT.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,

When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn, 52

Or

Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,
 To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the grass,
 Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, foreshows,
 Blood-stain'd in fowl eclipse, impending woes. 56
 Untimely born, ill luck betides thee still.

C O L I N E T.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater IN?

T H E N O T.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our sheep:
 From these good shepherd's care his flock may keep: 60
 Against ill luck, alas! all forecast fails;
 Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

C O L I N E T.

Ah me, the while! ah me, the luckless day!
 Ah luckless-lad! befits me more to say. 64
 Unhappy hour! when fresh in youthful bud,
 I left, *Sabrina* fair, thy silvery flood.
 Ah, silly I! more silly than my sheep,
 Which, on thy flowery banks, I wont to keep. 68
 Sweet are thy banks! Oh, when shall I, once more,
 With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shore?
 When, in the crystal of thy water, scan
 Each feature faded, and my colour wan? 72

When

When shall I see my hut, the small abode,
 Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod?
 Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
 Yet is there room for peace, and me, to dwell. 76

T H E N O T.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away,
 From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart astray?

C O L I N E T.

A lewd desire strange lands, and swains, to know:
 Ah God! that ever I should covet woe. 80
 With wandering feet unblest, and fond of fame,
 I sought I know not what besides a name.

T H E N O T.

Or, sooth to say, did'st thou not higher roam
 In search of gains more plenty than at home? 84
 A rolling stone is, ever, bare of moss;
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

C O L I N E T.

Small need there was, in random search of gain,
 To drive my pining flock athwart the plain, 88
 To distant *Cam*. Fine gain at length, I trow,
 To hoard up to myself such deal of woe!
 My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill fare,
 And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare, 92
 The

The damp, cold greensward, for my nightly bed,
 And some flaunt willow's trunk to rest my head.
 Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain;
 And hard is want to the unpracticed swain: 96
 But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
 To blasting storms of calumny compar'd:
 Unkind as hail it falls; the pelting shower
 Destroys the tender herb, and budding flower. 100

T H E N O T.

Slander we shepherds count the vilest wrong:
 And what wounds sorer than an evil tongue?

C O L I N E T.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,
 Make mock of all the ditties I endite. 104
 In vain, O *Colinet*, thy pipe, so shrill,
 Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill:
 In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the grove,
 In the cool shade to sing the pains of love: 108
 Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
 And every elf hath skill enough to rail:
 But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain: 112
 And, while that He delighteth in my song,
 Which to the good *Menalcas* doth belong,

Nor

PASTORALS.

17

Nor night, nor day, shall my rude musick cease;

I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

116

THE NOT.

Menalcas, lord of these fair, fertile, plains,

Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns:

For him our yearly wakes, and feasts, we hold,

And choose the fairest firstling from the fold:

120

He, good to all, who Good deserve, shall give

Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,

Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,

And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

124

COLINET.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,

The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,

And every rapid river cease to flow,

'E're I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

128

THE NOT.

This night thy care with me forget, and fold

Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.

New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,

With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,

132

Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,

Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite:

And

And now behold the sun's departing ray,
 O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day : 136
 With songs the jovial hinds return from plow ;
 And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.





THE
THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO.



WHEN *Virgil* thought no shame the *Dorick* reed
 To tune, and flocks on *Mantuan* plains to feed,
 With young *Augustus*' name he grac'd his song:
 And *Spenser*, when amid the rural throng 4
 He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
 Of gentle *Thames*, made every sounding wood
 With good *Eliza*'s name to ring around ;
Eliza's name on every tree was found : 8
 Since then, through *Anna*'s cares at ease we live,
 And see our cattle unmolested thrive,
 While from our *Albion* her victorious arms
 Drive wasteful warfare, loud in dire alarms, 12
 Like them will I my slender musick raise,
 And teach the vocal valleys *Anna*'s praise.

Mean-

Mean-time, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
 As my kids browse, obscure in shades I play : 16
 Yet, not obscure, while *Dorset* thinks no scorn
 To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.

Two valley swains, both musical, both young,
 In friendship mutual, and united long, 20
 Retire within a mossy cave, to shun
 The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun.
 A gloom of sadness overcasts their mind:
 Revolving now, the solemn day they find, 24
 When young *Albino* died. His image dear
 Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear :
 To tears they add the tribute of their verse;
 These *Angelot*, those *Palin*, did rehearse. 28

ANGELOT.

Thus, yearly circling, by-past times return;
 And yearly, thus, *Albino's* death we mourn.
 Sent into life, alas! how short thy stay:
 How sweet the rose! how speedy to decay! 32
 Can we forget, *Albino* dear, thy knell,
 Sad-sounding wide from every village-bell?
 Can we forget how sorely *Albion* moan'd,
 That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd, 36
 Prefaging

Prefaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We lost *Albino*, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boast of this fair Island, darling joy
Of Nobles high, and every shepherd-boy? 40
No joyous pipe was hear'd, no flocks were seen,
Nor shepherd found upon the grassy green,
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were hear'd to warble through the wood. 44
In yonder gloomy grove out-stretch'd he lay,
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,
And, o'er his lips, the deadly blue display'd: 48
Bleating around him ly his plaintive sheep;
And mourning shepherds come, in crowds, to weep.
Young *Buckburst* comes: and, is there no redress?
As if the grave regarded our distress! 52
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd:
Ye trees, and conscious fountains, can attest 56
With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
And every star upbraided with his death,
When, in her widowed arms, devoid of breath, 60
She

She clasp'd her son : nor did the Nymph, for this,
 Place in her dearling's welfare all her bliss,
 Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield,
 And rule the peaceful empire of the field. 64
 As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,
 And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,
 As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
 So thou, to thine, an ornament wast born. 68
 Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
 Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains,
 In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
 And, over empty sheaves, in harvest sweat, 72
 A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield ;
 And thorns, and thistles, overspread the field.
 How all our hope is fled, like morning-dew !
 And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view. 76
 Who, now, shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
 To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,
 To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,
 With sinewy force, to pitch the massy bar ? 80
 Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
 To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,
 In foreign realms to purchase early fame,
 And add new glories to the *British* name. 84

O,

O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest!
 The flowery turf ly light upon thy breast;
 Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
 Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground. 88

PALIN.

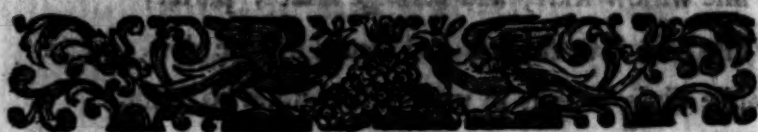
No more, mistaken *Angelot*, complain:
Albino lives; and all our tears are vain:
Albino lives, and will, for ever live
 With Myriads mixt, who never know to grieve, 92
 Who welcome every stranger-guest, nor fear
 Eyer to mourn his absence with a tear,
 Where cold, nor heat, nor irksome toil annoy,
 Nor age, nor sickness, comes to damp their joy: 96
 And now the royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
 The land to rule, and shield the simple swains,
 While, from above, propitious he looks down:
 For this, the welkin does no longer frown, 100
 Each planet shines, indulgent, from his sphere,
 And we renew our pastimes with the year.
 Hills, dales, and woods, with shrilling pipes resound;
 The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd, 104
 And hail *Albino* blest: the valleys ring
Albino blest! O now, if ever, bring

The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine, 108
The dewy cowslip, which in meadow grows,
The fountain-violet, and the garden-rose,
Marsh-lillies sweet, and tufts of daffadil,
With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill, 112
Whether in open sun, or shade, they blow,
More early some, and some unfolding flow,
Bring, in heap'd canisters, of every kind,
As if the summer had with spring combin'd, 116
And nature, forward to assist your care,
Did no profusion for *Albino* spare.
Your hamlets strew, and every publick way;
And consecrate to mirth *Albino's* day: 120
Myself will lavish all my little store,
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old *Moulin* there shall harp, young *Myco* sing,
And *Cuddy* dance the round amid the ring, 124
And *Hobbinol* his antick gambols play:
To thee these honours, yearly, will we pay;
Nor fail to mention thee in all our chear,
And teach our children the remembrance dear, 128
When we or shearing-feast, or harvest, keep,
To speed the plow, and bless our thriving sheep.

While

While willow kids, and herbage lambs, pursue,
 While bees love thyme, and locusts sip the dew, 132
 While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
 Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.





T H E
FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

MYCO.



HIS place may seem for shepherd's leisure
made,

So close these elms inweave their lofty shade ;
The twining woodbine, how it climbs ! to breathe
Refreshing sweets around on all beneath ;

The ground with grass of chearful green bespread,
Through which the springing flower up-rears the head :
Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,

Medly'd with daisies white and endive blue,

And honeysuckles of a purply dy,

Confusion gay ! bright-waving to the eye.

Hark,

Hark, how they warble in that brambly bush,
 The gaudy goldfinch and the speckly thrush,
 The linnet green, with others famed for skill,
 And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:
 In sprightly concert how they all combine,
 Us prompting in the various song to join: 16
 Up, *Argol*, then, and to thy lip apply
 Thy mellow pipe, or voice more sounding try:
 And since our ewes have graz'd, what harm if they
 Ly round and listen while the lambkins play? 20

ARGOL.

Well, *Myco*, can thy dainty wit express
 Fair nature's bounties in the fairest dress:
 'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the sky;
 And rapture works the finger's fancy high. 24
 Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
 Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees:
 Ill such incitements suit my rugged lay,
 Befitting more the Musick thou canst play. 28

MYCO.

No skill of musick kon I, simple swain,
 No fine device thine ear to entertain:
 Albeit some deal I pipe, rude though it be,
 Sufficient to divert my sheep and me; 32

Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* hath skill) my yard woad shall
 Off' guides my fingers on the tunefull quill,
 And fain would teach me on what sounds to dwell,
 And where to sink a note, and where to swell. 36.

ARGO L.

Ah, *Myco*! half my flock would I bestow,
 Should *Colinet* to me his cunning show:
 So trim his sonnets are, I pr'ythee, swain,
 Now give us, once, a sample of his strain:
 For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
 How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay!

The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse;
 And ask what Boon thou wilt for thy verse. 44.

M Y C O.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I chuse:
 A mournful song relieves a mournfull Muse.
 Fast by the river on a bank he fate,
 To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,
 Fair *Stella* hight: a lovely maid was she,
 Whose fate he wept, a faithful shepherd he.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
 Fair *Stella's* death, and *Colinet's* distress. 52.

- " O woeful day ! O day of woe to me !
 " That ever I should live such day to see !
 " That ever she could dy ! O most unkind,
 " To go and leave thy *Colinet* behind ! 56
 " From blameless love and plighted troth to go,
 " And leave to *Colinet* a life of woe !

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress. 60

- " And yet, why blame I her ? Full fain would she
 " With dying arms have clasp'd herself to me ;
 " I clasp'd her too, but death prov'd over-strong ;
 " Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong : 64
 " Yet how shall I from vows and tears refrain ?
 " And why should vows, alas ! and tears be vain ?

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress. 68

- " Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep ;
 " Aid me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep ;
 " Aid me ye faint, ye hollow, winds, to sigh,
 " And thou, my woe, assist me thou to dy. 72

- " Me flock nor stream, nor winds nor woes, relieve ;
 " She lov'd through life, and I through life will grieve.

*Awake, my pipe : in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

76

- " Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
 " With down-cast look, and with dishevell'd hair,
 " All beat the breast, and wring your hands and moan ;
 " Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your own : 80
 " Her hour, untimely, help me to lament ;
 " And let your hearts at *Stella's* name relent.

*Awake, my pipe : in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

84

- " In vain the indearing luster of your eyes
 " We dote upon, and you as vainly prize.
 " What though your beauty bless the faithful swain,
 " And in the enamour'd heart like queens ye reign : 88
 " Yet in their prime does death the fairest kill,
 " As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill.

Awake,

PASTORALS.

31

Awake, my pipe; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

92

" Such *Stella* was; yet *Stella* might not live!

" And what could *Colinet* in ransom give?

" Oh! if or musick's voice, or beauty's charm,

" Could milder death, and stay his lifted arm, 96

" My pipe her face, her face my pipe might save,

" Redeeming each the other from the grave.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

100

" Ah, fruitless wish! fell death's uplifted arm

" Nor beauty can arrest, nor musick charm.

" Behold! O baleful sight! see where she lies!

" The budding flower, unkindly blasted, dies: 104

" Nor, though I live the longest day to mourn,

" Will she again to life and me return.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

108

" Unhappy *Colinet*! what boots thee now,
 " To weave fresh girlonds for thy *Stella*'s brow?
 " No girlond ever more may *Stella* wear,
 " Nor see the flowery season of the year, 112
 " Nor dance nor sing, nor ever sweetly smile,
 " And every toil of *Colinet* beguile.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
*Fair *Stella*'s death, and *Colinet*'s distress.* 116

" Throw by the lilly, daffadil, and rose;
 " Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compose,
 " With baneful hemlock, deadly nightshade, dress'd,
 " Such chaplets as may witness thine unrest,
 " If aught can witness: O, ye shepherds tell,
 " When I am dead, no shepherd lov'd so well!

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
*Fair *Stella*'s death, and *Colinet*'s distress.* 124

" Alack, my sheep! and thou, dear spotless lamb,
 " By *Stella* nurs'd, who wean'd thee from the dam,
 " What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
 " My whole employment, and my whole relief! 128

" Stray

" Stray where ye list, some happier master try :

" Yet once, my flock, was none so bless'd as I.

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express

132

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

" My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,

" And first taught *Stella's* virgin-heart to love,

" Shall silent hang upon this blasted oak,

" Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak : 136

" Nor lark, nor linnet, shall by day delight,

" Nor nightingale suspend my moan by night.

" The night and day shall undistinguish'd be,

" Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me. 140

No more, my pipe ; here cease we to express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

" Thus, sorrowing, did the gentle shepherd sing,

And urge the valley with his wail to ring. 144

And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

ARGO L.

Not this, but one more costly, shalt thou have,

Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
 To speak the giver's name, the month, and year; 148
 The hook of polish'd steel, the handle torn'd,
 And richly by the carver's skill adorn'd.

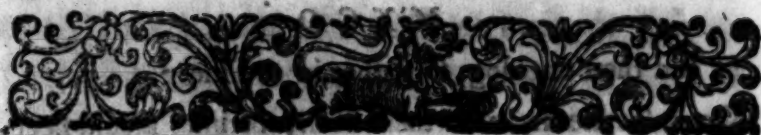
O, *Colinet*, how sweet thy grief to hear!
 How does thy verse subdue the listening ear! 152
 Soft falling as the still, refreshing, dew,
 To flake the drought, and herbage to renew;
 Not half so sweet the midnight winds, which move
 In drousy murmurs o'er the waving grove, 156
 Nor valley brooks that, hid by alders, speeds
 O'er pebbles warbling, and through whisp'ring reeds,
 Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil,
 And welly grots with tinkling echoes fill. 160
 Thrice happy *Colinet*, who can relieve
 Heart-anguish sore, and make it sweet to grieve!
 And next to thee shall *Myco* bear the bell,
 Who can repeat thy peerless song so well: 164
 But see! the hills increasing shadows cast;
 The sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste:
 His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood,
 And bluey mists arise from yonder flood. 168

M Y C O.

Bid then our dogs to gather in the sheep.
 Good shepherds, with their flock, betimes should sleep.
 Who late lies down, thou know'st, as late will rise,
 And, sluggard-like, to noon-day snoring lies. 172
 While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
 And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.



THE



THE
FIFTH PASTORAL.

C U D D Y.

IN rural strains we first our musick try,
And bashful into woods and thickets fly,
Mistrusting then our skill; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, *Sackville*, shall engage
My riper verse, and more aspiring age.

The sun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray;
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade
A venerable oak wide-spreading made:
What should they do to pass the loitering time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:

And

And some the joys, and some the pains, of love,
 And some to set out strange adventures, strove,
 The trade of wizards some, and *Merlin's* skill,
 And whence, to charms, such empire o'er the will. 16
 Then *Cuddy* last (who *Cuddy* can excel
 In neat device ?) his tale began to tell.

“ When shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza's* reign,
 “ There liv'd in high repute a jolly swain, 20
 “ Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and sing,
 “ And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
 “ He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
 “ In woodland bower, without a rival play'd, 24
 “ Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
 “ Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear
 “ Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
 “ Detain'd by musick, hovering on in air: 28
 “ Drawn by the magick of the inticing sound,
 “ What troops of mute admirers flock'd around !
 “ The steerlings left their food; and creatures, wild
 “ By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild. 32
 “ He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
 “ And loads the neighbouring branches with his song :

“ There,

- " There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
 " Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came: 36
 " She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause, with
 pride,
 " Like echo to the shepherd's pipe reply'd,
 " The shepherd hear'd with wonder, and again,
 " To try her more, renew'd his various strain: 40
 " To all the various strain she plies her throat,
 " And adds peculiar grace to every note.
 " If *Colin*, in complaining accent grieve,
 " Or brisker motion to his measure give, 44
 " If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
 " She, not a little vain, repeats the song:
 " But so repeats, that *Colin* half despis'd
 " His pipe and skill, around the country priz'd: 48
 " And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
 " What thanks, said he, what praises shall I find
 " To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
 " The rudeness of my rural life I see: 52
 " From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill:
 " Aloft in air she fate, provoking still
 " The vanquish'd swain. Provok'd, at last, he strove
 " To shew the little minstrel of the grove 56

" His

- " His utmost powers, determin'd once to try
 " How art, exerting, might with nature vy;
 " For vy could none with either in their part,
 " With her in nature, nor with him in art. 60
 " He draws in breath, his rising breast to fill:
 " Throughout the wood his pipe is hear'd to shrill.
 " From note to note, in haste, his fingers fly;
 " Still more and more the numbers multiply: 64
 " And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
 " And swift and slow they change with sweet surprise.
 " Attentive she doth scarce the sounds retain;
 " But to herself first conns the puzzling strain, 68
 " And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
 " The shepherd in his own harmonious lays,
 " Through every changing cadence runs at length,
 " And adds in sweetness what she wants in strength: 72
 " Then *Colin* threw his lute disgrac'd aside,
 " While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
 " Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
 " Twirls many a wild unimitable note, 76
 " To foil her rival. What could *Colin* more?
 " A little harp of maple-ware he bore:
 " The little harp was old, but newly strung,
 " Which, usual, he acrofs his shoulders hung. 80
 " Now

- " Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
 " He said, and learn from hence thou dost excel
 " No trivial artist: and anon he wound
 " The murmuring strings, and order'd every sound: 84
 " Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
 " And both hands pliant on the strings extends:
 " His touch the strings obey, and various move,
 " The lower answering still to those above: 88
 " His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
 " As in pursuit of harmony they go:
 " Now lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
 " Like winds which gently brush the plying grass, 92
 " While melting airs arise at their command:
 " And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
 " He sinks into the cords, with solemn pace,
 " To give the swelling tones a bolder grace; 96
 " And now the left, and now by turns the right,
 " Each other chase, harmonious both in flight:
 " Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of sounds,
 " Till the sweet tumult through the harp redounds. 100
 " Cease, *Colin*, cease, thy rival cease to vex;
 " The mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:
 " She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
 " And hits imperfect accents here and there, 104
 " And

- " And fain would utter forth some double tone,
 " When soon she falters, and can utter none :
 " Again she tries, and yet again she fails ;
 " For still the harp's united power prevails. 108
 " Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing sung :
 " She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
 " Hears all in pain : her heart begins to swell :
 " In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell 112
 " Her bitter anguish : he, still singing, plies
 " His limber joints : her sorrows higher rise.
 " How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
 " No equal through the grove in musick bore ? 116
 " She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she moans,
 " And fetcheth from her breast melodious groans.
 " Oppress'd with grief at last too great to quell,
 " Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell. 120
 " Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the dead,
 " And unavailing tears profusely shed,
 " And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill ;
 " And best to make attonement for the ill, 124
 " If, for such ill, attonement might be made,
 " He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade,
 " Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the ground,
 " And makes a fence of winding osiers round. 128

" A

" A verse and tomb is all I now can give:

" And here thy name at least, he said, shall live."

Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,

And, by his tale, unenvy'd praises won."



And makes a lane of wishing others good."



THE
SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.



OW still the sea behold! how calm the sky!

And how, in sportive chase, the swallows fly!

My goats, secure from harm, small tendance need;

While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed;

And, here below, the banky shore along,

Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song

Prepare. As eldest, *Hobbinol* begins;

And *Languet's* rival-verse, by turns, come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,

Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill;

For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside;

And, whose the praise, let *Geron's* lips decide.

12

LAN-

PASTORALS.

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice, and skill, commend,
A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

GERON.

Begin then, boys; and vary well your song:
Begin; nor fear, from Geron's sentence, wrong. 16
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give: no mean reward,
If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd. 20

HOB B I N O L.

The snows are melted; and the kindly rain
Descends on every herb, and every grain:
Soft daisy breezes breathe along the sky;
The bloomy season of the year is nigh. 24

LANQUET.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love;
The turtle's moan is hear'd in every grove;
The pastures change; the warbling linnets sing:
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring. 28

HOB B I N O L.

When locusts, in the ferny bushes, cry,
When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns ly,

Grave

Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain,
Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain. 32

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye see
The ground bestrew'd with fruits off every tree,
And stormy winds are hear'd, think winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining year. 36

HOBBINOL.

Woe then, alack! befall the spendthrift swain,
When frost, and snow, and hail, and fleet, and rain,
By turns chastise him, while, through little care,
His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air. 40

LANQUET.

The lad of forecast then untroubled sees
The white-bleak plains, and silvery frosted trees:
He sends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cott the wintery blast defies. 44

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O bless'd *Eliza*! would I praise
Thy maiden rule, and *Albion's* golden days:
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the shepherd's friend:
Eternal blessings on his shade attend! 48

LAN-

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds, now! for *Dorset* loves
The country-muse, and our resounding groves,
While *Anna* reigns: O, ever, may she reign!
And bring, on earth, the golden age again. 55

HOBBINOL.

I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in secret all, repaid;
This coming night she plights her troth to me:
Divine her name, and thou the victor be. 60

LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, unharmed as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love:
How we in secret love, I shall not say:
Divine her name, and I give up the day. 65

HOBBINOL.

Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I
Together lay; a brook ran murmuring by:
A thousand tender things to me she said;
And I a thousand tender things repaid. 70

LANQUET.

In summer-shade, behind the cocking hay,
What kind endearing words did she not say!

Her

Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,
And strok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head: 69

H O B B I N O L.

Breathe soft ye winds; ye waters gently flow;
Shield her ye trees; ye flowers around her grow:
Ye swains, I beg ye, pass in silence by;
My love, in yonder vale, asleep does ly. 72

L A N G U E T.

Once *Delia* slept on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss. 76

H O B B I N O L.

As *Marian* bathed, by chance I pass'd by;
She blush'd, and at me glanc'd a sidelong eye:
Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she try'd
Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide. 80

L A N G U E T.

As I, to cool me, bathed one sultry day,
Fond *Lydia*, lurking, in the sedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet oft' she stopp'd, and oft' she turn'd her eye. 84

H O B B I N O L.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
Young *Lyset* lead the dance on yonder green, In

Intent upon her beauties, as she mov'd, in this soft
 Poor heedless wretch! at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When *Lucy* decks with flowers her swelling breast,
 And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest,
 Unable to refrain my madding mind,
 Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come, *Rosalind*, O, come! for, wanting thee,
 Our peopled vale a desert is to me.
 Come, *Rosalind*, O, come! My brinded kine,
 My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, are thine.

LANQUET.

Come, *Rosalind*, O, come! Here shady bowers,
 Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers:
 Come, *Rosalind*! Here ever let us stay,
 And sweetly while the live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
 The force of healing herbs, and where they grow:
 No herb there is, no season, to remove
 From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
 And ghosts, and goblins, order as I will,

Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
The sprite that breaks my quiet night and day? 108

H O B B I N O L.

O that, like *Colin*, I had skill in rhimes,
To purchase credit with succeeding times!
Sweet *Colin Clout*! who never, yet, had peer;
Who sung through all the seasons of the year. 112

L A N Q U E T.

Let me, like *Merlin*, sing: his Voice had power
To free the 'clipping moon at midnight hour:
And, as he sung, the fairies with their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green. 116

H O B B I N O L.

Last eve of *May* did I not hear them sing,
And see their dance? And I can shew the ring,
Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light:
The grass springs greener from their tread by night. 120

L A N Q U E T.

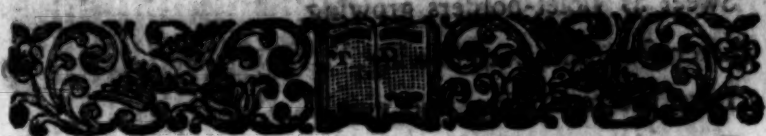
But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,
Fam'd *Oberon*, with damask'd robe so gay,
And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,
And azure scepter, pointed with a star? 124

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
 And both with *Colin* may, in rhyme, compare.
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound;
 To each I give. A mizzling mist descends
 Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends
 Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive;
 And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.



The



The STRAY NYMPH.



EASE your musick, gentle swains:

Saw ye *Delia* cross the plains?

Every thicket, every grove,

Have I ranged, to find my love:

A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,

Tell me only doth she live.

White her skin as mountain-snow;

In her cheek the roses blow:

And her eye is brighter far

Than the beamy morning star.

When her ruddy lip ye view,

'Tis a berry moist with dew:

And her breath, Oh 'tis a gale

Passing o'er a fragrant vale,

Passing, when a friendly shower

Freshens every herb and flower.

Wide her bosom opens, gay

As the primrose-dell in *May*,

D 2

Sweet

Sweet as violet-borders growing

Over fountains ever-flowing.

20

Like the tendrels of the vine,

Do her auburn tresses twine,

Glossy ringlets all behind

Streaming buxom to the wind,

24

When along the lawn she bounds,

Light, as hind before the hounds:

And the youthful ring she fires,

Hopeless in their fond desires,

28

As her flitting feet advance,

Wanton in the winding dance.

Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen

My delight, my love, my queen?

32



The

The *HAPPY SWAIN*.

HAVE ye seen the morning skÿ,
 When the dawn prevails on high,
 When, anon, some purple ray
 Gives a sample of the day,
 When, anon, the lark, on wing,
 Strives to soar, and strains to sing?

4

Have ye seen the ethereal blue
 Gently shedding silvery dew,
 Spangling o'er the silent green,
 While the nightingale, unseen,
 To the moon and stars, full bright,
 Lonesome chants the hymn of night?

12

Have ye seen the broid'ed *May*
 All her scented bloom display,
 Breezes opening, every hour,
 This, and that, expecting flower,

16

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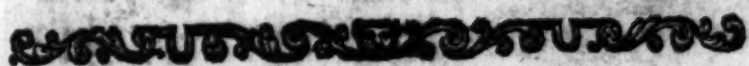
While

While the mingling birds prolong,
From each bush, the vernal song?

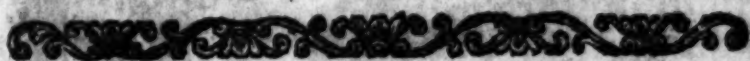
Have ye seen the damask-rose
Her unfully'd blush disclose,
Or the lilly's dewy bell,
In her glossy white, excell,
Or a garden vary'd o'er
With a thousand glories more?

By the beauties these display,
Morning, evening, night, or day,
By the pleasures these excite,
Endless sources of delight!
Judge, by them, the joys I find,
Since my *Rosalind* was kind,
Since she did herself resign
To my vows, for ever mine.





EPISTLES.



D 4

TO

RECEIVED

1911

RECEIVED

TO

40



TO A
F R I E N D,

WHO

Desired me to write on the Death of
King WILLIAM.

April 20, 1702.



RUST me, dear *George*, could I in verse
but show

What sorrow I, what sorrow all men, owe
To *Nassau's* fate, or could I hope to raise

A song proportion'd to the Monarch's praise,
Could I his merits, or my grief, express,
And proper thoughts in proper language dress,
Unbidden should my pious numbers flow,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe;

But, rather than prophane his sacred herse
 With languid praises and unhallow'd verse,
 My sighs I to myself in silence keep,
 And inwardly, with secret anguish, weep.

12

Let *Halifax's* Muse (he knew him well)
 His virtues to succeeding ages tell.

Let him, who sung the warrior on the *Bonne*,
 (Provoking *Dorset* in the task to join)

16

And shew'd the hero more than man before,

Let him th' illustrious mortal's fate deplore;

A mournful theme: while, on raw pinions, I

But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly:

20

Content, if, to divert my vacant time,

I can but like some love-sick fopling rhyme,

To some kind-hearted mistress make my court,

And, like a modish wit, in sonnet sport.

24

Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains

In polish'd sentiments, and labour'd strains:

To blooming *Phyllis* I a song compose,

And, for a rhyme, compare her to the rose:

28

Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,

To paint the blush that does her cheek adorn,

And,

And, when the whiteness of her skin I show,
With ecstasy bethink myself of snow.

32

Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the close,
And sweeten into verse insipid prose.

The country scraper, when he wakes his crowd,
And makes the tortur'd cat-gut squeak aloud,

36

Is often ravish'd, and in transport lost :

What more, my friend, can fam'd *Corelli* boast,

When harmony herself from heav'n descends,

And on the artist's moving bow attends ?

40

Why then, in making verses should I strain
For wit, and of *Apollo* beg a vein ?

Why study *Horace* and the *Stagyrite* ?

Why cramp my dulness, and in torment write ?

44

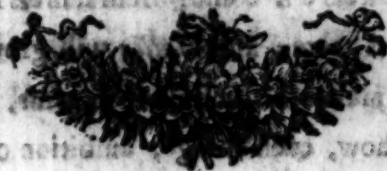
Let me transgress by nature, not by rule,

An artless Idiot, not a study'd fool,

A *Withers*, not a *Rhymer*, since I aim

At nothing less, in writing, than a name.

48



From



*From Holland, to a Friend in England,
in the Year 1703.*

FROM *Utrecht's* silent walks, by winds, I send
Health and kind wishes to my absent friend.
The winter spent, I feel the poet's fire;
The sun advances, and the fogs retire: 4
The genial spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets assemble on the main: 8
The voice of war the gallant soldier wakes;
And weeping *Clot* parting kisses takes.
On new-plum'd wings the *Roman* eagle soars;
The *Belgick* lion in full fury roars. 12
Dispatch the leader from your happy coast,
The hope of *Europe*, and *Britannia's* boast:
O *MARLBOROUGH* come! fresh laurels for thee rise!
One conquest more; and *Gallia* will grow wise. 16
Old *Lewis* makes his last effort in arms,
And shews how, even in age, ambition charms.

Mean

Mean while, my friend, the thick'ning shades I haunt,
 And smooth canals, and after rivulets pant : 20
 The smooth canals, alas, too lifeless show !
 Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
 Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,
 Below the smiles, below the frowns of kings, 24
 Thanks to my stars, I prize the sweets of life :
 No sleepless nights I count, no days of strife.
 Content to live, content to dy, unknown,
 Lord of myself, accountable to none ; 28
 I sleep, I wake, I drink ; I sometimes love ;
 I read, I write ; I settle, and I rove,
 When, and where-e'er, I please : thus, every hour
 Gives some new proof of my despotick power. 32
 All, that I will, I can ; but then, I will
 As reason bids ; I meditate no ill ;
 And, pleas'd with things which in my level ly,
 Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly. 36

But this is all romance, a dream to you,
 Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
 White staffs and truncheons, seals and golden keys,
 And silver stars, your tow'ring genius please : 40

Such manly thoughts in ev'ry infant rise,
Who daily for some tinsel trinket cries.

Go on, and prosper, Sir: but first from me
Learn your own temper: for I know you free.
You can be honest: but you cannot bow,
And cringe, beneath a supercilious brow;
You cannot fawn: your stubborn soul recoils
At baseness; and your blood too highly boils.
From nature some submissive tempers have;
Unkind to you, she form'd you not a slave.
A courtier must be supple, full of guile,
Must learn to praise, to flatter, to revile.
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give false hopes, and on false hopes depend.
Go on, and prosper, Sir: but learn to hide
Your upright spirit: it will be construed pride.
The splendor of a court is all a cheat;
You must be servile, 'e're you can be great.
Besides, your ancient patrimony wasted,
Your youth run out, your schemes of grandeur blasted,
You may perhaps retire in discontent,
And curse your patron, for no strange event:

The patron will his innocence protest,
And frown in earnest, though he smil'd in jest.

64

Man, only from himself, can suffer wrong;
His reason fails, as his desires grow strong:
Hence, wanting ballast, and too full of sail,
He lies expos'd to ev'ry rising gale.
From youth to age, for happiness he's bound:
He splits on rocks, or runs his bark a ground,
Or, wide of land, a desert ocean views,
And, to the last, the flying port pursues,
Yet, to the last, the port he does not gain,
And dying finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

68

72

76





To the EARL of DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to
flow,

What present shall the muse to *Dorset* bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods, 8
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion ly,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breez prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing. 12
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast *Leviathan* wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day. 16
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl. O'er

O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain: 20
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear. 24
'E're yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breez arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze. 28
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes: 32
For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns shew,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow. 36
The thick-sprung reeds, which watry marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise: 40

The

The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine,
 The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun. 44

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies,
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends : 48
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
 The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journies sad beneath the dropping trees : 52
 Like some deluded peasant, *Merlin* leads
 Through fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads,
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
 And airy fabricks there attract his eyes, 56
 His wandring feet the magick paths pursue,
 And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear, 60
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES
Lord HALIFAX, one of the LORDS
JUSTICES appointed by His
MAJESTY.

1714.

BATRON of verse, O *Halifax*, attend,
The muse's fav'rite, and the poet's friend!
Approaching joys my ravish'd thoughts inspire:
I feel the transport; and my soul's on fire!

Again *Britannia* rears her awful head:
Her fears, transplanted, to her foes are fled.
Again her standard she displays to view;
And all its faded lillies bloom anew.
Here beauteous *Liberty* salutes the fight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilst here *Religion*, smiling to the skies,
Her thanks expresses with up-lifted eyes.

But who advances next, with chearful grace,
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face?

A wheaten garland does her head adorn,
 O *Property!* O goddess, *English-born!* 16
 Where hast thou been? How did the wealthy mourn!
 The bankrupt nation sigh'd for thy return,
 Doubtful for whom her spreading funds were fill'd,
 Her fleets were freighted, and her fields were till'd. 20

No longer now shall *France* and *Spain* combin'd,
 Strong in their golden *Indies*, awe mankind.
 Brave *Catalans*, who for your freedom strive,
 And in your shatter'd bulwarks yet survive, 24
 For you alone, worthy a better fate,
 O, may this happy change not come too late!
 Great in your sufferings! ---- But, my muse, forbear;
 Nor damp the publick gladness with a Tear: 28
 The *Hero* has receiv'd their just complaint,
 Grac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-saint:
 Like him, with pleasure he foregoes his rest,
 And longs, like him, to succour the distress'd. 32
 Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,
 As justice calls, he draws or sheaths the sword:
 Matur'd by thought his councils shall prevail;
 Nor shall his promise to his people fail. 36

He

He comes, desire of Nations! *England's* boast!
 Already has he reach'd the *Belgian* coast.
 Our great deliverer comes! and with him brings
 A progeny of late-succeeding Kings,
 Fated to triumph o'er *Britannia's* foes
 In distant years, and fix the world's repose.

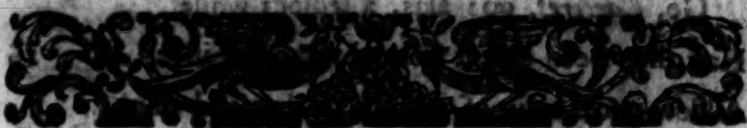
The floating squadrons now approach the shore:
 Lost in the sailors shouts, the canons roar:
 And now, behold, the sovereign of the main,
 High on the deck, amidst his shining train,
 Surveys the subject flood. An eastern gale
 Plays through the shrouds, and swells in every sail:
 Th' obsequious waves his new dominion own,
 And gently waft their monarch to his throne.
 Now the glad *Britons* hail their king to land,
 Hang on the Rocks, and blacken all the strand:
 But who the silent extasy can show,
 The Passions which in nobler bosoms glow?
 Who can describe the godlike patriot's zeal?
 Or who, my lord, your generous Joys reveal?
 Ordain'd, once more, our treasure to advance,
 Retrieve our Trade, and sink the pride of *France*,

Once more the long-neglected arts to raise,
And form each rising genius for the bays: 60

Accept the present of a grateful song;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To *Cam* and *Ips* shall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every muse. 64

Even now the vocal tribe in verse conspires;
And I already hear their sounding lyres:
To them the mighty labour I resign,
Give up the Theme, and quit the tuneful *Nine*. 68
So when the spring first smiles among the trees,
And blossoms open to the vernal breeze,
The watchful nightingale, with early strains,
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains, 72
But drops her music, when the choir appears,
And listens to the concert of the year.





TO
LORD CARTERET,
departing from DUBLIN.

BEHOLD, *Britannia* waves her flag on high,
 And calls forth breezes from the western sky,
 And beckons to her son, and smooths the tide,
 That does *Hibernia* from her cliffs divide.

Go, *Carteret*, go; and, with thee, go along
 The nation's blessings, and the poet's song,
 Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
 The kindest wishes, and sincerest praise.

Go, *Carteret*, go; and bear my joys away!
 So speaks the muse, that fain would bid thee stay:
 So spoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
 Who gave his vows, and canvass, to the wind,
 And promis'd to return; but never more
 Did he return to the *Thracian* shore.

Go,

Go, *Carteret*, go: alas, a tedious while
 Hast thou been absent from thy mother-isle: 16
 A slow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
 A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
 That feels perfections, and resigns with pain
 Enjoyments I may never know again. 20

O, while mine eye pursues the fading sails,
 Smooth roll ye waves, and steddy breathe ye gales,
 And urge with gentle speed to *Albion's* strand
 A household fair amidst the fairest land, 24
 In every decency of Life polite,
 A freight of virtues, wafting from my sight:
 And now farewel, O early in renown,
 Illustrious, young, in labours for the crown, 28
 Just, and benign, and vigilant, in power,
 And elegant to grace the vacant hour,
 Relaxing sweet! Nor are we born to wear
 The brow still bent, and give up life to care: 32
 And thou, mild glory beaming round his fame,
Francisca, thou, his first, his latest, flame,
 Parent of bloom! In pleasing arts refin'd!
 Farewel thy hand, and voice, in musick join'd, 36

Thy

E P I S T L E S.

73

Thy courtesy, as soothing as thy song,
 And smiles soft-gleaming on the courtly throng:
 And thou, *Charissa*, hastening to thy prime;
 And *Carolina*, chiding tardy time, 40
 Who every tender wish of mine divide,
 For whom I strung the lyre, once lay'd aside,
 Receive, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,
 Thrive on in life! and, thriving on, excell! 44

Accept this token, *Carteret*, of good will,
 The voice of nature, undebas'd by skill,
 These parting numbers cadenced by my grief,
 For thy lov'd sake and for my own relief, 48
 If aught, alas, thy absence may relieve,
 Now I am left, perhaps, through life to grieve:
 Yet would I hope, yet hope, I know not why,
 (But hopes and wishes in one balance ly) 52
 Thou may'st revisit, with thy wonted smiles,
Jérna, island set around with isles:
 May the same heart, that bids thee now adieu,
 Salute thy sails, and hail thee into view. 56



E

O D E S.



O D E S.

S O N G.

I.



FROM *White's* and *Will's*
 To purling rills
 The love-sick *Strephon* flies;
 There, full of woe,
 His numbers flow,
 And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquett,
 With feign'd regret,
 Invites him back to town;
 But, when in tears
 The youth appears,
 She meets him with a frown.

III. Full

III.


Full off' the maid
This prank had play'd,
'Till angry *Strepson* swore,
And, what is strange,
Tho' loth to change,
Would never see her more.





S O N G.

I.

 HY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.

II.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
Madness 'tis in me to grieve :
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live ?

III.

If I for *Zelinda* dy,
Deaf to poor *Mizella's* cries,
Ask not me the reason why :
Seek the riddle in the skies.





TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

May 25, 1724.

THIS LITTLE Siren of the stage,
 Charmer of an idle age,
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
 Wanton gale of fond desire,
 Bane of every manly art,
 Sweet enfeebler of the heart,
 O, too pleasing in thy strain,
 Hence, to southern climes again;
 Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this island bid farewell;
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free.





To the Memory of the late

E A R L of H A L I F A X.

June 30, 1718.



KEEPING o'er thy sacred urn,
Ever shall the muses mourn;
Sadly shall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in woe.

Thousands, nobly born, shall dy,
Thousands in oblivion ly,
Names, which leave no trace behind,
Like the clouds before the wind,
When the dusky shadows pass,
Lightly fleeting o'er the grass.

But, O *Halifax*, thy name
Shall through ages rise in fame:
Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,
Sweet in every noble mind.

To



To the Honourable

MISS CARTERET.

BLOOM of beauty, early flow'r
 Of the blissful bridal bow'r,
 Thou, thy parents pride and care,
 Fairest offspring of the fair,
 Lovely pledge of mutual love,
 Angel seeming from above,
 Was it not thou day by day
 Dost thy very sex betray,
 Female more and more appear,
 Female, more than angel dear,
 How to speak thy face and mien,
 (Soon too dangerous to be seen)
 How shall I, or shall the muse,
 Language of resemblance chuse?
 Language like thy mien and face,
 Full of sweetness, full of grace!

By the next-returning spring,
When again the linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of *May*, 20
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year, in fresh attire,
Welcomes every gay desire, 24
Blooming on shalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,
Fairer sight than orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows : 28
Yet, another spring I see,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, still improves thy prime: 32
And, beneath the vernal skies,
Yet a verdure more shall rise,
'E're thy beauties, kindling flow,
In each finish'd feature glow, 36
'E're, in smiles and in disdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Absolute to save, or kill,
Fond beholders, at thy will. 40
Then

Then the taper-moulded waste
With a span of ribbon braced,
And the swell of either breast,
And the wide high-vaulted chest, 44
And the neck so white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the store of charms which shine
Above, in lineaments divine, 48
Crowded in a narrow space
To compleat the desp'rate face,
These alluring powers, and more,
Shall enamour'd youths adore; 52
These, and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aking heart shall praise.

Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men, 56
Who, in courtship greatly sped,
Wins the damsel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day! 60
For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,

Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the sloping shoulders flowing, 64
And the smoothly-pencil'd brow,
Mild to him in every vow,
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinnest blossoms blow, 68
And the hazely-lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,
And that cheek of health, o'erspread
With soft-blended white and red, 72
And the witching smiles which break
Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
And thy gentleness of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind, 76
These endowments, heav'nly dow'r!
Brought him in the promis'd hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him still to woo thee. 80





On the Death of the Right Honourable
WILLIAM Earl COWPER.

1723.

S T R O P H E I.

WAKE the *British* harp again,
 To a sad melodious strain;
 Wake the harp, whose every string,
 When *Halifax* resign'd his breath, 4
 Accus'd inexorable death;
 For I, once more, must in affliction sing,
 One song of sorrow more bestow,
 The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe: 8
 Yet, O my soul, if aught may bring relief,
 Full many, grieving, shall applaud thy grief,
 The pious verse, that *Cowper* does deplore,
 Whom all the boasted powers of verse cannot restore, 12

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Not to her, his fondest care,
 Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
 Nor his country ever dear,

From

From her, from them, from *Britain* torn: 16
 With her, with them, does *Britain* mourn:
 His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
 And, intermingling sighs with praise,
 All good men with the number of his days 20
 Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
 In that seal'd book, where all things which pertain
 To mortal man, whatever things befall,
 Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall: 24

E P O D E I.

Where every loss, and every gain,
 Where every grief, and every joy,
 Every pleasure, every pain,
 Each bitter and each sweet alloy, 28
 To us uncertain though they flow,
 Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
 Too wretched state! did man foreknow
 Those ills, which man cannot remove, 32
 Vain is wisdom for preventing
 What the wisest live lamenting.

STROPHE

S T R O P H E II.

Hither sent, who knows the day

When he shall be call'd away ?

Various is the term assign'd :

An hour, a day, some months, or years, 38

The breathing soul on earth appears :

But, through the swift succession of mankind,

Swarm after swarm ! a busy race,

The strength of cities, or of courts the grace, 42

Or who in camps delight, or who abide

Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,

Of them, though many here long-lingring dwell,

And see their children's children, yet, how few

excell ! 46

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Here we come, and hence we go,

Shadows passing to and fro,

Seen a-while, forgotten soon :

But thou, to fair distinction born, 50

Thou COWPER, beamy in the morn

Of life, still brightening to the pitch of noon,

Scarce verging to the steep decline,

Hence summon'd while thy virtues radiant shine, 54

Thou

Thou singled out the fosterling of fame,
 Secure of praise, nor less secur'd from blame,
 Shalt be remember'd with a fond applause,
 So long as *Britons* own the same indulgent laws. 53

E P O D E II.

United in one publick weal,
 Rejoicing in one freedom, all,
 COWPER'S hand apply'd the Seal,
 And level'd the partition-wall. 62
 The chosen seeds of great events
 Are thinly sown, and slowly rise:
 And *Time* the harvest-scythe presents,
 In season, to the good and wise: 66
 Hymning to the harp my story,
 Fain would I record his glory,

S T R O P H E III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
 Truth unleaven'd, pure of art, 70
 Like the hallow'd *Bard* of yore,
 Who chaunted in authentick rhymes
 The worthies of the good old times,
 'E're living vice in verse was varnish'd o'er, 74
 And

And vertue dyed without a song.
 Support of friendless right, to powerful wrong
 A check, behold him in the judgement-seat!
 Twice, there, approv'd, in righteousness compleat: 78
 In just awards, how gracious! tempering law
 With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe. 80

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Hear him speaking, and you hear
 Reason tuneful to the ear! 82
 Lips with thymy Language sweet,
 Distilling on the hearer's mind
 The balm of wisdom, speech refin'd,
 Celestial gifts!---- Oh, when the nobles meet, 86
 When next, thou sea-surrounded land,
 Thy nobles meet at BRUNSWICK's high command,
 In vain they shall the charmer's voice desire!
 In vain those lips of eloquence require! 90
 That mild conviction, which the soul assails
 By soft alarms, and with a gentle force prevails!

E P O D E III.

To such persuasion, willing, yields
 The liberal Mind, in freedom train'd, 94
 Freedom, which, in crimson'd fields,
 By hardy toil our fathers gain'd,

Inheritance

Inheritance of long descent !
 The sacred pledge, so dearly priz'd 98
 By that blest'd spirit we lament :
 Grief-easing lays, by grief devis'd,
 Plaintive Numbers, gently flowing,
 Sooth the sorrows to him owing ! 102

S T R O P H E IV.

Early on his growing heir
 Stamp what time may not impair,
 As he grows, that coming Years,
 Or youthful Pleasures, or the vain 106
 Gigantick phantom of the brain
 Ambition, breeding monstrous hopes and fears,
 Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,
 Ennobling manhood, flower of life fullblown, 110
 May never wear the bosom-image faint :
 O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
 The living lovely semblance of his sire,
 A model to his son ! that ages may admire ! 114

A N T I S T R O P H E IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
 Still renewing in the race,

Once

Once thy father's pleasing hope,
 Thy widow'd mother's comfort now, 118
 No fuller bliss does heaven allow,
 While we behold yon wide-spread azure cope
 With burning stars thick-lustred o'er,
 Than to enjoy, and to deserve, a store 122
 Of treasur'd fame by blameless deeds acquir'd,
 By all unenvied, and by all desir'd,
 Free-gift of men, the tribute of good-will!
 Rich in this patrimony fair, increase it still. 126

E P O D E IV.

The fulness of content remains
 Above the yet unfathom'd skies,
 Where, triumphant, gladness reigns,
 Where wishes cease, and pleasures rise 130
 Beyond all wish; where bitter tears
 For dying friends are never shed;
 Where, fighting, none desire pass'd years
 Recall'd, or wish the future fled. 134
 Mournful measures, O, relieve me!
 Sweet remembrance! cease to grieve me.

STROPHE V.

He the robe of justice wore
 Sully'd not, as heretofore, 138
 When the magistrate was fought
 With yearly gifts. Of what avail
 Are guilty hoards? for life is frail;
 And we are judg'd where favour is not bought. 142
 By him forewarn'd, thou frantick isle,
 How did the thirst of gold thy sons beguile!
 Beneath the specious ruin thousands groan'd,
 By him, alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd. 146
 Where shall his like, on earth, be found? oh, when
 Shall I, once more, behold the most lov'd of men!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aspect! winning mind!
 Soul and body aptly join'd! 150
 Searching thought, engaging wit,
 Enabled to instruct, or please,
 Uniting dignity with ease,
 By nature form'd for every purpose fit, 154
 Endearing excellence! ----- O, why
 Is such perfection born, and born to dy?

Or

Or do such rare endowments still survive,
 As plants remov'd to milder regions thrive, 158
 In one eternal spring? and we bewail
 The parting soul, new-born to life that cannot fail,

E P O D E V.

Where sacred friendship, plighted love,
 Parental joys, unmix'd with care, 162
 Through perpetual time improve?
 Or do the deathless blessed share
 Sublimar raptures, unreveal'd,
 Beyond our weak conception pure? 166
 But, while those glories ly conceal'd,
 The righteous count the promise sure,
 Trials to the last enduring,
 To the last their hope securing. 170





To the Right Honourable
WILLIAM PULTENEY *Esq;*

May 1, 1723.

I.



HO, much distinguish'd, yet is blest'd ?
Who, dignified above the rest,
Does, still, unenvied live ?
Not to the Man whose wealth abounds,
Nor to the man whose fame resounds,
Does heaven such favour give,
Nor to the noble-born, nor to the strong,
Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young.

II.

Whom then, secure of happiness,
Does every eye beholding bless,
And every tongue commend ?
Him, *Pulteney*, who possessing store
Is not solicitous of more,
Who, to mankind a friend,
Nor envies, nor is envied by, the great,
Polite in courts, polite in his retreat :

Whose

III.

Whose unambitious, active, soul
 Attends the welfare of the whole,
 When publick storms arise,
 And, in the calm, a thousand ways 20
 Diversifies his nights and days,
 Still elegantly wise;
 While books, each morn, the lightfom soul invite,
 And friends with season'd mirth improve the night. 24

IV.

In him do men no blemish see;
 And factions in his praise agree,
 When most they vex the state:
 Distinguish'd favourite of the skies, 28
 Belov'd he lives, lamented dies:

Yet, shall he not to fate
 Submit entire; the rescuing muse shall save
 His precious name, and win him from the grave. 32

V.

Too frail is brass and polish'd stone;
 Perpetual fame the muse alone

On merit can bestow:
 Yet, must the time-enduring song, 36
 The verse unrival'd by the throng,
 From nature's bounty flow: The

The ungifted tribe in meter pass away,
 Oblivion's sport, the poets of a day. 40

VI.

What laws shall o'er the Ode preside?
 In vain would art presume to guide
 The chariot-wheels of praise,
 When fancy, driving, ranges free, 44
 Fresh flowers selecting like the bee,
 And regularly strays,
 While nature does, disdaining aids of skill,
 The mind with thought, the ears with numbers, fill. 48

VII.

As when the *Theban* hymns divine
 Make proud *Olympian* victors shine
 In an eternal blaze,
 The varying measures, ever new, 52
 Unbeaten tracks of fame pursue,
 While through the glorious maze
 The poet leads his heroes to renown,
 And weaves in verse a never-fading crown. 56



To Miss MARGARET PULTENEY,
*Daughter of DANIEL PULTE-
 NEY Esq; in the Nursery.*

April 27, 1727.

DIMPLY damsel, sweetly smiling,
 All caressing, none beguiling,
 Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
 Every charm to nature owing,
 This and that new thing admiring,
 Much of this and that enquiring,
 Knowledge by degrees attaining,
 Day by day some vertue gaining,
 Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
 Beardless poets, fondly rhyming,
 (Fescu'd now, perhaps, in spelling.)
 On thy riper beauties dwelling,
 Shall accuse each killing feature
 Of the cruel, charming, creature,
 Whom I knew complying, willing,
 Tender, and averse to killing.

To



*To Miss CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,
in her Mother's Arms.*

May 1, 1724.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight, 4
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tatling many a broken tale, 8
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart, 12
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush, 16

To

To the Mother-linnet's note
 Moduling her slender throat,
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys,
 Like the linnet green, in *May*,
 Flitting to each bloomy spray,
 Wearied then, and glad of rest,
 Like the linlet in the nest.
 This thy present happy lot,
 This, in time, will be forgot:
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy time prepares;
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee.

20

24

28



To



To the Right Honourable

ROBERT WALPOLE *Esq;*

June 15. 1724.



OTARY to publick zeal,
 Minister of *England's* weal,
 Have you leisure for a song,
 Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
 Swift and sweet in every measure,
 Tell me, *Walpole*, have you leisure?
 Nothing lofty will I sing,
 Nothing of the favourite king,
 Something, rather, sung with ease,
 Simply elegant to please.

Fairy virgin, *British* muse,
 Some unhear'd of story chuse:
 Chuse the Glory of the swain,
 Gifted with a magick strain,
 Swaging grief of every kind,
 Healing, with a verse, the mind:

12

16
 To

To him came a man of power,
 To him, in a cheerless hour;
 When the swain, by Druids taught,
 Soon divin'd his irksom thought, 20
 Soon the maple harp he strung,
 Soon, with silver accent, sung.

“ Steerer of a mighty realm,
 “ Pilot, waking o’er the helm, 24
 “ Blessing of thy native soil,
 “ Weary of a thankless toil,
 “ Cast repining thought behind,
 “ Give thy trouble to the wind. 28
 “ Mortal, destin’d to excell,
 “ Bear the blame of doing well,
 “ Like the Worthies great of old,
 “ In the list of Fame enroll’d. 32
 “ What, though titles thou decline?
 “ Still the more thy virtues shine.
 “ Envy, with her serpent eye,
 “ Marks each praise that soars on high. 36
 “ To thy lot resign thy will:
 “ Every good is mix’d with ill.

- " See, the white unblemish'd rose
 " On a thorny bramble blows: 40
 " See, the torrent pouring rain
 " Does the limpid fountain stain:
 " See, the giver of the day
 " Urgeth on, through clouds, his way: 44
 " Nothing is, entirely, blest'd;
 " Envy does thy worth attest.
 " Pleasing visions, at command,
 " Answer to my voice and hand; 48
 " Quick, the blissful scene prepare,
 " Sooth the patriot's heavy care:
 " Visions, cheering to the fight,
 " Give him earnest of delight. 52
 " Wise disposer of affairs,
 " View the end of all thy cares!
 " Forward cast thy ravish'd eyes,
 " See the glad'ning harvest rise: 56
 " Lo, the people reap thy pain!
 " Thine the labour, their the gain.
 " Yonder turn, a-while, thy view,
 " Turn thee to yon spreading yew, 60

" Once

- " Once the gloomy tree of fate,
 " Once the plighted virgin's hate :
 " Now, no longer, does it grow
 " Parent of the warring bow : 64
 " See, beneath the guiltless shade,
 " Peasants shape the plow and spade,
 " Rescued, ever, from the fear
 " Of the whistling shaft and spear. 68
 " Lo, where Plenty comes, with Peace
 " Hear the breath of murmur cease :
 " See, at last, unclouded days ;
 " Hear, at last, unenvied praise. 72
 " Nothing shall thy soul molest ;
 " Labour is the price of rest.
 " Mortal, destin'd to excell,
 " Bless the toil of doing well. 76





SUPPLICATION *for Miss CARTERET*
in the Small-Pox.

Dublin July 31, 1725.

POW'R o'er ev'ry pow'r supreme,
 Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,
 From thy mercy-seat on high,
 Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
 Breather of all vital breath,
 Arbiter of life and death,
 Oh, preserve this innocence,
 Yet unconscious of offence,
 Yet in life and virtue growing,
 Yet no debt to nature owing.

Thou, who giv'st angelick grace
 To the blooming virgin face,
 Let the fell disease not blight
 What thou mad'st for man's delight:

12

O'er

O'er her features let it pass
Like the breez o' springing grass, 16
Gentle as refreshing showers
Sprinkled over opening flowers.
O, let years alone diminish
Beauties thou wast pleas'd to finish. 20

To the pious parents give
That the darling fair may live :
Turn to blessings all their care,
Save their fondness from despair. 24
Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins ;
Soften every throb of anguish,
Suffer not her strength to languish ; 28
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.





*To Miss GEORGIANA, youngest Daughter
to Lord CARTERET.*

August 10, 1725.



LITTLE charm of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Numbering years, a scanty nine,
Stealing hearts without design, 4
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
Yet a novice in disdain,
Pleasure giving without pain, 8
Still caressing, still caress'd,
Thou, and all thy lovers blest'd,
Never teiz'd, and never teizing,
O for ever pleas'd and pleasing! 12
Hither, *British* muse of mine,
Hither all the *Grecian* nine,
With the lovely graces three,
And your promis'd nurfeling see: 16

Figure

Figure on her waxen mind
 Images of life refin'd;
 Make it, as a garden gay,
 Every bud of thought display, 20
 Till, improving year by year,
 The whole culture shall appear,
 Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
 All to human sense surprising. 24
 Is the filken web so thin
 As the texture of her skin?
 Can the lilly and the rose
 Such unfully'd hue disclose? 28
 Are the violets so blue
 As her veins expos'd to view?
 Do the stars, in wintry sky,
 Twinkle brighter than her eye? 32
 Has the morning lark a throat
 Sounding sweeter than her note?
 Whoe'er knew the like before thee?
 They who knew the nymph that bore thee. 36

From thy pastime and thy toys,
 From thy harmless cares and joys,

Give me now a moment's time:
 When thou shalt attain thy prime,
 And thy bosom feel desire,
 Love the likeness of thy fire,
 One ordain'd, thro' life, to prove
 Still thy glory, still thy love. 44
 Like thy sister, and like thee,
 Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:
 Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
 Trace the pattern set before thee. 48
 Where the *Liffy* meets the main,
 Has thy sister hear'd my strain:
 From the *Liffy* to the *Thames*,
 Minstrel echoes sing their names, 52
 Wafting to the willing ear
 Many a cadence sweet to hear,
 Smooth as gently breathing gales
 O'er the ocean and the vales, 56
 While the vessel calmly glides
 O'er the level glassy tides,
 While the summer flowers are springing,
 And the new fledg'd birds are singing. 60





EPIGRAMS *and* short POEMS.

*On a Company of bad Dancers to good
Musick.*

HOW ill the motion with the musick suits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

E P I G R A M.

GEORGE came to the crown without striking a
blow :

Ah, quoth the *Prétender*, would I could do so!

In ANSWER to the QUESTION,
What is THOUGHT?

THE hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven, or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wife man's pain.

To Mr. ADDISON on CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
 And the true poet is a publick good :
 This *Britain* feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
 Her free born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd. 4
 In *Rome* had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
 Inflam'd her senate and upheld her laws,
 Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
 And giv'n the just success to *Cato's* sword, 8
 O'er *Cæsar's* arms your genius had prevail'd,
 And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

*On WIT and WISDOM.**A FRAGMENT.*

IN search of wisdom far from wit I fly :
 Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
 In whose bewitching arms our early time
 We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime : 4
 But when reflexion comes with riper years,
 And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
 We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
 And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life. 8

The



The following EPITAPH on the Monument of my Kinswoman was written at the Request of her Husband.

WITHIN the Burial-Vault near this Marble, lieth the Body of *PENELOPE*, youngest Daughter (and Coheir with her Sister *ELIZABETH*) to *ROBERT PHILIPS* of *Newton-Regis*, in the County of *Warwick*, Esquire. She died in her Six and Thirtieth Year, on the 25th Day of *January*,

M DCC XXVI.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION

(Appealing yet to testimonies manifold)

Recall to every surviving witness,

And, for ensample, record to posterity,

4

Her endowments,

Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,

Or to the assiduous lessons of education,

Or to the silent admonitions of reflection.

8

To

To her parents, husband, children,
 In no care, no duty, no affection,
 Was she wanting,
 Receiving, deserving, winning, 12
 From them respectively,
 Equal endearments.
 Of countenance and of disposition,
 Open, chearful, modest; 16
 Of behaviour, humble, courteous, easy;
 Of speech, affable, free, discreet;
 In civilities, punctual, sincere, and elegant;
 Prone to offices of kindness and good will; 20
 To enmity a stranger;
 Forward, earnest, impatient,
 To succour the distress'd,
 To comfort the afflicted; 24
 Solicitous for the poor,
 And rich in store of alms:
 Whereby she became
 The delight, the love, the blessing, of all. 28

IN her household flourished
 Chearfulness, due order, thrift, and plenty.
 In the closet retired,
 In

E P I T A P H.

III.

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1000

TO the MEMORY, ever dear and precious, of his most affectionate, most beloved, and most deserving, Wife, is this Monument raised by *HENRY VERNON* of *Hilton*, in the County of *Stafford*, Esquire: to him she bore five Sons and two daughters, all surviving, save *Elizabeth*; who dying, in her second Year, of the Small Pox, some few Days before, resteth by her Mother.

THE



THE
FABLE of THULE,
UNFINISHED.

N A R northward as the *Dane* extends his sway,
Where the sun glances but a sloping ray,
Beneath the sharpest rigour of the skies,
Disdainful *Thule*'s wintry island lies. 4

Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
Shall virgins learn from my instructive song,
And every youth, who lingers in despair,
By thy example warn the cruel fair. 8

In *Cyprus*, sacred to the queen of love,
(Where stands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
Was *Thule* born, uncertain how: 'tis said
Once *Venus* won *Adonis* to her bed, 12
And pregnant grew, the birth to chance assign'd
In woods, and foster'd by the feather'd kind.

With flowers some strew the helpless orphan round,
With downy moss some spread the carpet ground, 16

Some

Some ripened fruits, some fragrant honey, bring;
 And some fetch water from the running spring;
 While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
 Their infant charge, and tune her tender ear. 20
 Soon as the sun forsakes the evening skies,
 And hid in shades the gloomy forest lies,
 The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
 And lull her, with their gentler strains, to sleep. 24

This the prevailing rumour: as she grew,
 No dubious tokens spoke the rumour true.
 In every forming feature might be seen
 Some bright resemblance of the *Cyprian* queen: 28
 Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
 In all her early passion for the chase:
 And when, on springing flowers reclin'd, she sung,
 The birds upon the bending branches hung, 32
 While, warbling, she express'd their various strains,
 And, at a distance, charm'd the listening swains:
 So sweet her voice resounded through the wood,
 They thought the nymph some *Siren* from the flood. 36

Half human thus by lineage, half divine,
 In forests did the lonely beauty shine,

Like

Like wood-land flowers, which paint the desert glades,
 And waste their sweets in unfrequented shades. 40
 No human face she saw, and rarely seen
 By human face: a solitary queen
 She rul'd, and rang'd, her shady empire round.
 No horn the silent huntress bears; no hound, 44
 With noisy cry, disturbs her solemn chace,
 Swift, as the bounding stag, she wings her pace;
 And, bend when-e'er she will her ebon bow,
 A speedy death arrests the flying foe. 48
 The bow the hunting goddess first supply'd,
 And ivory quiver cross her shoulders ty'd,

The imperious queen of heaven, with jealous eyes,
 Beholds the blooming virgin from the skies, 52
 At once admires, and dreads, her growing charms,
 And sees the god already in her arms:
 In vain, she finds, her bitter tongue reproves
 His broken vows, and his clandestine loves: 56
Jove still continues frail: and all in vain
 Does *Thule* in obscurest shades remain,
 While *Maja*'s son, the thunderer's winged spy,
 Informs him where the lurking beauties ly. 60

What

What sure expedient then shall *Juno* find,
 To calm her fears, and ease her boding mind?
 Delays to jealous minds a torment prove;
 And *Thule* ripens every day for love. 64

She mounts her car, and shakes the filken reins;
 The harness'd peacocks spread their painted trains,
 And smoothe their glossy necks against the sun:
 The wheels along the level *Azurs* run. 68
 Eastward the goddess guides her gaudy team,
 And perfects, as she rides, her forming scheme.

The various orbs now pass'd, adown the steep
 Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep 72
 In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
 Hang pois'd in air, to bless the isles with rain:
 And here the panting birds repose a-while:
 Not so their queen; she gains the *Cyprian* isle, 76
 By speedy *Zephyrs* borne in thickned air:
 Unseen she seeks, unseen she finds, the fair.

Now o'er the mountain tops the rising sun
 Shot purple rays: now *Thule* had begun 80

Her

Her morning chace, and printed in the dews
 Her fleeting steps. The goddess now pursues,
 Now over-takes her in the full career,
 And flings a javelin at the flying deer. 84

Amaz'd, the virgin huntress turns her eyes ;
 When *Juno*, (now *Diana* in disguise,)
 Let no vain terrors discompose thy mind ;
 My second visit, like my first, is kind. 88
 Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
 Did not I give?-----Here sudden blushes glow
 On *Tbule's* cheeks: her busy eyes survey
 The dress, the crescent, and her doubts give way. 92

I own thee, goddess bright, the nymph replies,
 Goddess, I own thee, and thy favours prize :
 Goddess of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
 Fresh in my mind thine image still remains. 96

Then *Juno*, beauteous ranger of the grove,
 My darling care, fair object of my love,
 Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
 To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years. 100

TRANS-



TRANSLATIONS.

THE

First Olympionique of **PINDAR.**

To Hiero of Syracuse, victorious in the
Horse-race.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet praises Hiero for his justice, his wisdom, and his skill in musick. He likewise celebrates the horse that won the race, and the place where the Olympick Games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponnesus) he takes an occasion of digressing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he sets forth the felicity of the Olympian Victors. Then he concludes by praying to the gods to preserve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admonishing him to moderation of mind, in his high station, and, lastly, glories in his own excellency in compositions of this kind.

STROPHE 1. Measures 18.

EACH element to water yields ;|
And gold, like blazing fire by night,
Amidst the stores of wealth that builds
The mind aloft, is eminently bright : But

But if, my soul, with fond desire
 To sing of games thou dost aspire,
 As thou by day can'st not descry,
 Through all the liquid waste of sky,
 One burnish'd star, that like the sun does glow,
 And cherish every thing below,
 So, my sweet soul, no toil divine,
 In song, does like the *Olympian* shine :
 Hence do the mighty poets raise
 A hymn, of every tongue the praise,
 The son of *Saturn* to resound,
 When far, from every land, they come
 To visit *Hierò's* regal dome,
 Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found :

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 18.

Lord of *Sicilia's* fleecy plains,
 He governs, righteous in his power,
 And, all excelling while he reigns,
 From every lovely virtue crops the flower :
 In musick, blossom of delight,
 Divinely skill'd, he cheers the night,
 As we are wont, when friends design
 To feast and wanton o'er their wine :

But

TRANSLATIONS. 119

But from the wall the *Dorian* harp take down,
 If *Pisa*, city of renown,
 And if the fleet victorious steed,
 The boast of his unrival'd breed, 30
 Heart-pleasing raptures did inspire,
 And warm thy breast with sacred fire,
 When late, on *Alpheus'* crowded shore,
 Forth-springing quick, each nerve he strain'd,
 The warning of the spur disdain'd, 35
 And swift to victory his master bore,

E P O D E I. Measures 16.

The lov'd *Syracusan*, the prince of the course,
 The king, who delights in the speed of the horse:
 Great his glory, great his fame,
 Throughout the land where *Lydian Pelops* came 40
 To plant his men, a chosen race,
 A land the ocean does embrace,
Pelops, whom *Neptune*, ruler of the main,
 Was known to love, when into life again,
 From the reviving cauldron warm, 45
Clotho produc'd him whole, his shoulder-blade,
 And its firm brawn, of shining ivory made.
 But truth, unvarnish'd, oft neglected lies,

When

120 TRANSLATIONS.

When fabled tales, invented to surprize,
In miracles mighty, have power to charm, 50
Where fictions, happily combin'd,
Deceive and captivate the mind :

STROPHE II. Measures 18.

Thus Poësy, harmonious spell,
The source of pleasures ever new,
With dignity does wonders tell ; 55
And we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
Day, after day, brings truth to light,
Unveil'd, and manifest to sight :
But, of the bleis'd, those lips, which name
Foul deeds aloud, shall suffer blame. 60
Thee, son of *Tantalus*, my faithful song
Shall vindicate from every wrong,
The glories of thy house restore,
And baffle falshoods told before :
Now, in his turn, thy fire prepar'd 65
A banquet ; when the gods appear'd
At *Sipylus*, his sweet abode,
To grace the due proportion'd feast :
There, first, the trident-bearing guest
Beheld thy lovely form ; and now, he glow'd ; 70

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 18.

And now, his soul subdued by love,
 Thee in his golden car he bore
 Swift to the lofty towers of *Jove*,
 Whose name the nations all around adore:
 Thus *Ganymede* was caught on high, 75
 To serve the power who rules the sky.
 When thou no longer did'st appear,
 And those, who sought a pledge so dear,
 Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
 Some envious Neighbour, to defame 80
 Thy father's feast, a rumour spread,
 The rumour through the country fled,
 That thou, to heighten the repast,
 Wast into seething water cast,
 Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire, 85
 Thy limbs without compassion carv'd,
 Thy foddren flesh in messes serv'd,
 To gorge the gods and a voracious fire:

EPODE II. Measures 16.

But, in thought ever pure, shall I deem it amiss,
 Vile Gluttons to call the partakers of bliss: 90

G

Let

Let me then refrain, and dread :
 A curse hangs over the blasphemer's head.
 If they, who supervise and ward
 The heavens, did ever shew regard
 To mortal man this *Tantalus* might boast, 95
 Of mortal men that he was honour'd most :
 But he not able to digest
 The glut, the surfeit, of immortal joys,
 One heinous forfeit all his bliss destroys :
 For over him the godhead hung, in air, 100
 A ponderous stone, a dreadful poise of care !
 From his head to remove it, with terror oppress'd,
 In vain he tries, and seeks in vain
 One cheerful moment to regain :

STROPHE III. Measures 18.

A life of woe, beyond relief, 105
 His portion now ; ordain'd before
 To torments of a three-fold grief,
 This fourth was added to compleat his store,
 Since, high presuming in his soul,
 He nectar and ambrosia stole, 110
 To give to men ; by which he knew
 That, tasting, he immortal grew :

But

TRANSLATIONS.

123

But be not man deceiv'd : the gods reveal

What most we labour to conceal :

For this the powers, who deathless reign,

115

To earth sent down his son again,

To dwell with men, a short-liv'd race,

Whose sudden fate comes on apace.

His flowery age in all its pride,

When, o'er his chin, a blackening shade

120

Of down was cast, a vow he made,

Deep in his soul, to win the proffer'd bride

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 18.

Hippodamia, boasted name,

From her great fire the *Pisan* proud.

Alone, by night, the lover came

125

Beside the hoary sea, and call'd aloud

On him who sways the triple spear,

And fills with din the deafen'd ear ;

When, at his feet, the god arose :

Then *Pelops*, eager to disclose

130

His mighty care, " O *Neptune*, if thy mind

" In love did ever pleasure find,

" Let not *Oenomaüs* prevail,

" And let his brazen javelin fail :

124 TRANSLATIONS.

- " Oh ! bear me hence, on wheels of speed, 135
 " To *Elis*, to the glorious meed :
 " To victory Oh ! whirl me, strait :
 " Since, after ten, and other three,
 " Bold suiters slain, yet still we see,
 " From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait 140

E P O D E III. Measures 16.

- " Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
 " The dastard in heart, who despairs of his might.
 " Since we all are born to dy,
 " Who, overcast, would in oblivion ly,
 " In unrequited age decay, 145
 " And meanly squander life away,
 " Cut off from every praise ? Then let me dare
 " This conflict, in the dusty lists, to share ;
 " And prosper thou my glowing wheels.
 Thus *Pelops* spoke ; nor was his fervent pray'r 150
 Pour'd forth in fruitless words, to waft in air :
 The deity his whole ambition grants ;
 Nor shining car, nor coursers, now he wants :
 In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
 Exulting in the horses' feet, 155
 Unwearied ever, ever fleet :

STROPHE

STROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Oenomaüs, he triumphs o'er
 Thy prowess, and, to share his bed,
 Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
 Six princely sons, to manly virtues bred. 160
 Now, solemniz'd with steaming blood,
 And pious rites, near *Alpheus'* flood
 Intomb'd, he sleeps, where the altar stands,
 That draws the vows of distant lands:
 And round his tomb the circling racers strive; 165
 And round the wheeling chariots drive.
 In thy fam'd courses, *Pelops*, rise
 The *Olympian* glories to the skies,
 And shine afar: there we behold
 The stretch of manhood, strenuous, bold, 170
 In sore fatigues, and there the strife
 Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
 Who overcomes! for he shall see
 Unclouded days, and taste the sweets of life;

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize. 175
 The good that, in a day obtain'd,
 From day to day fresh joy supplies,
 Is the supreme of bliss to man ordain'd:

But let me now the rider raise,
 And crown him with *Æolian* lays, 180
 The victor's due : and I confide,
 Though every welcome guest were try'd,
 Not one, in all the concourse, would be found
 For fairest knowledge more renown'd,
 Nor yet a master more to twine, 185
 In lasting hymns, each wreathing line.
 The guardian god, who watchful guides
 Thy fortunes, *Hiero*, presides
 Q'er all thy cares with anxious pow'r :
 And soon, if he does not deny 190
 His needful aid, my hopes run high
 To sing more pleasing, in the joyful hour,

E P O D E IV. Measures 16.

On thy chariot, triumphant when thou shalt appear,
 And fly o'er the course with a rapid career,
 racing paths of language fair, 195
 As I to *Cronion's* sunny mount repair.
 Even now the muse prepares to raise,
 Her growth, the strongest dart of praise,
 For me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
 Do others rise, conspicuous : only Kings, 200
 High

High mounting, on the summit fix:
 There bound thy view, wide-spread, nor vainly try
 Farther to stretch the prospect of thine eye:
 Be, then, thy glorious lot to tread sublime,
 With steady steps, the measur'd tract of time: 205
 Be mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
 In Greece, throughout the learned throng,
 Proclaim'd unrival'd in my song.





THE
SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

To THERON of AGRIGENTUM, *victorious*
in the Chariot-race.

The ARGUMENT.

He praises Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic Games, with a chariot and four horses, likewise for his justice, his hospitality, his fortitude, and the illustriousness of his ancestors; whose adventures are occasionally mentioned: then he interweaves digressions to Semele, Ino, Pelens, Achilles, and others, and describes the future state of the righteous and of the wicked. Lastly, he concludes with extolling his own skill in panegyrick, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

STROPHE I. Measures 16.



OVEREIGN hymns, whose numbers sway

The sounding harp, what god, what hero, say,

What man, shall we resound?

Is not *Pisa* *Jove's* delight?

And did not *Hercules*, with conquest crown'd,

5

To

To him ordain
 The *Olympiad* for an army slain,
 Thank-offering of the war?
 And must we not, in *Theron's* right,
 Exert our voice, and swell our song?
Theron, whose victorious car
 Four coursers whirl, fleeting along,
 To stranger-guests indulgent host,
 Of *Agrigentum* the support and boast,
 Cities born to rule and grace,
 Fair blossom of his antient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 16.

Worthies fore perplex'd in thought,
 Till wandering far they found, what long they sought,
 A sacred seat, fast by
 Where the stream does rapid run,
 And reign'd, of *Sicily* the guardian eye,
 When happy days,
 And wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praise,
 That in-born worth inflames.
 Saturnian *Jove*, O! *Rhea's* Son,
 Who o'er *Olympus* dost preside,
 And the pitch of lofty games,
 And

130 TRANSLATIONS.

And *Alpheus*, of rivers the pride,
Rejoicing in my songs, do thou
Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow,
Blessing, with a bounteous hand,
The rich hereditary land

E P O D E I. Measures 10.

Through their late lineage down, No power can actions
pass'd,
Whether deeds of right or wrong,
As things not done recall,
Not even time, the father, who produces all;
Yet can Oblivion, waiting long,
Gathering strength
Through the length
Of prosperous times, forbid those deeds to last :
Such force has sweetly-healing joy
The festering smart of evils to destroy,

S T R O P H E II. Measures 16.

When felicity is sent
Down by the will supreme with full content :
Thy Daughters, *Cadmus*, they
Greatly wretched here below,
Bless'd ever more, this mighty truth display.

No weight of grief,
 But, whelm'd in pleasures, finds relief,
 Sunk in the sweet abyss.
 Thou, *Semele*, with hair a-flow,
 Thou by thunder doom'd to dy,
 Mingling with the gods in bliss,
 Art happy, for ever, on high :
 Thee *Pallas* does for ever love,
 Thee chiefly *Jupiter*, who rules above :
 Thee thy son holds ever dear,
 Thy son with the ivy-wreathed spear.

ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 16.

Beauteous *Ino*, we are told,
 With the sea-daughters dwells of *Nereus* old,
 And has, by lot, obtain'd
 Lasting life, beneath the deep,
 A life within no bounds of time restrain'd.
 The hour of death,
 The day when we resign our breath,
 That offspring of the sun,
 Which bids us from our labours sleep,
 In vain do mortals seek to know,
 Or who destin'd is to run

A life unintangled with woe ;
 For none are able to disclose
 The seasons of the uncertain ebbs and flows
 Now of pleasures, now of pains,
 Which hidden fate to men ordains :

EPODE II. Measures 10.

Thus providence, that to thy ancestry, long-famed,
 Portions out a pleasing share
 Of heaven-sprung happiness,
 Does, ceasing in another turn of time to bless,
 Distribute some reverse of care,

As from years

80

Pass'd appears,

Since the predestin'd son, at *Pytho* named,

Did *Laius*, blindly meeting, kill,

And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil :

STROPHE III. Measures 16.

Fell *Erinnys*, quick to view

85

The deed, his warlike sons in battle slew,

Each by the other's rage :

But to *Polynices* slain

Surviv'd *Thersander*, glory of his age,

For

TRANSLATIONS. 133

For feats of war, 90
 And youthful contests, honour'd far,
 The Scion, kept alive
 To raise the *Adrastian* house again:
 From whence *Enefidamus*' heir
 Does his spreading root derive, 95
 To branch out a progeny fair;
 Who, springing foremost in the chase
 Of fame, demands we should his triumph grace,
 Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
 Sweet union of melodious praise; 100

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 16.

For not only has he borne
 The *Olympian* prize, but, with his brother, worn
 The garland of renown,
 At *Pytho* and at *Isthmus*; where,
 Victorious both, they shar'd the allotted crown, 105
 Joint-honour, won
 In twelve impetuous courses, run
 With four unwearied steeds.
 To vanquish in the strife severe
 Does all anxiety destroy: 110
 And to this, if wealth succeeds
 With virtues enamell'd, the joy

Luxu-

134 TRANSLATIONS.

Luxuriant grows; such affluence
Does glorious opportunities dispense,
Giving depth of thought to find
Pursuits which please a noble mind, 115

EPODE III. Measures 10.

Refulgent star! to man the purest beam of light!
The possessor of this store
Far-future things discerns, knows
Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to immediate Woes
Consign'd, too late their pains deplore; 121
For below
'E're they go,
Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right
On crimes in this wide realm of Jove; 125
Whose dire decree no power can e'er remove:

STROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the good, alike by night,
Alike by day, the sun's unclouded light
Beholding, ever blest'd,
Live an unlaborious life, 130
Nor anxious interrupt their hallow'd rest

With

With spade and plow,
 The earth to vex, or with the prow
 The briny sea, to eat
 The bread of care in endless strife. 135
 The dread divinities among
 The few unaccustom'd to wrong,
 Who never broke the vow they swore,
 A tearless age enjoy for ever more;
 While the wicked hence depart 140
 To torments which appall the heart:

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the souls who greatly dare,
 Thrice try'd in either state, to persevere
 From all injustice pure,
 Journeying onward in the way 145
 Of *Jupiter*, in virtue still secure,
 Along his road
 Arrive at *Saturn's* rais'd abode;
 Where soft sea-breezes breathe
 Round the island of the blest'd; where *GAY* 150
 The trees with golden blossoms glow;
 Where, their brows and arms to wreath,
 Bright garlands on every side blow;

For,

For, springing thick in every field,
 The earth does golden flowers spontaneous yield;
 And, in every limpid stream,
 The budding gold is seen to gleam:

E P O D E IV. Measures 10.

Fair heritage! by righteous *Rhadamanth's* award;
 Who, coëqual, takes his seat
 With *Saturn* fire divine,
 Thy consort, *Rhea*, who above the rest dost shine,
 High-thron'd, thou matron-goddes great:
 These among
 (Blissful throng!)

Does *Peleus* and does *Cadmus* find regard;
 And, through his mother's winning prayer
 To *Jove*, *Achilles* dwells immortal there:

S T R O P H E V. Measures 16.

He who *HeÆtor* did destroy,
 The pillar firm, the whole support, of *Troy*,
 And *Cygnus* gave to dy,
 And *Aurora's Æthiop* son.
 My arm beneath yet many darts have I,

All swift of flight,
 Within my quiver, sounding right
 To every skillful ear : 175
 But, of the multitude, not one
 Discerns the mystery unexplain'd.
 He transcendent does appear
 In knowledge, from nature who gain'd
 His store: but the dull-letter'd croud, 180
 In censure vehement, in nonsense loud,
 Clamour idly, wanting skill,
 Like crows, in vain, provoking still.

ANTISTROPHE V. Measures 16.

The celestial bird of *Jove* :
 But, to the mark address thy bow, nor rove, 185
 My soul: and whom do I
 Single out with fond desire,
 At him to let illustrious arrows fly?
 My fix'd intent,
 My aim, on *Agrigentum* bent, 190
 A solemn oath I plight,
 Sincere as honest minds require,
 That through an hundred circling years,
 With recorded worthies bright,
 No rivalling city appears 195
 To

To boast a man more frank to impart
 Kind offices to friends with open Heart,
 Or, with hand amidst his store,
 Delighting to distribute more

E P O D E V. Measures 10.

Than *Theron*: yet foul calumny, injurious blame, 200
 Did the men of rancour raise
 Against his fair renown,
 Defamers who by evil Actions strove to drown
 His good, and to conceal his praise.
 Can the sand, 205
 On the strand,
 Be number'd o'er? Then, true to *Theron's* fame,
 His favours showering down delight
 On thousands who is able to recite?





The First ODE of ANACREON.

On his LUTE.

TH E line of *Atreus* will I sing;
 To *Cadmus* will I tune the string:
 But, as from string to string I move,
 My lute will only sound of *Love*.

The cords I change through every screw,
 And model the whole lute anew.
 Once more, in song, my voice I raise,
 And, *Hercules*, thy toils I praise:
 My lute does still my voice deny,
 And in the tones of love reply.

Ye heroes then, at once farewell:
 Loves only echo from my shell.

12



The



The SECOND ODE.

On WOMEN.

NATURE the Bull with horns supplies,
 The horse with hoofs she fortifies,
 The fleeting foot on hares bestows,
 On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!
 Grants fish to swim, and birds to fly,
 And on their skill bids men rely.

Women alone defenceless live,
 To women what does nature give?
 Beauty she gives instead of darts,
 Beauty, instead of shields, imparts;
 Nor can the sword, nor fire, oppose
 The fair, victorious where she goes.





The THIRD ODE.
On LOVE.

WHEN midnight when the bear did stand
A-level with *Boötes*' hand,
And, with their labour fore oppress'd,
The race of men were lay'd to rest, 4
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came *Love*, and tried to force the bars.

Who thus assails my doors, I cry'd?
Who breaks my slumbers? *Love* reply'd, 8
Open: a child alone is here!
A little child! ----- you need not fear:
Here through the moonless night I stray,
And, drench'd in rain, have lost my way. 12

Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haste my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I see,
A little child, he seem'd to me; 16
Who

142 TRANSLATIONS.

Who bore a quiver, and a bow ;
And wings did to his shoulders grow.

Within the hearth I bid him stand,
Then chafe and cherish either hand
Between my palms, and wring, with care,
The trickling water from his hair:

20

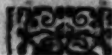
Now come, said he, no longer chill,
We'll bend this bow, and try our skill,
And prove the string, how far its pow'r
Remains unslacken'd by the show'r.

24

He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
And pierces, like a *Breez*, my liver :
Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
Rejoice with me, my host, he said:
My bow is found in every part,
And you shall rue it at your heart.

28

32



*An H Y M N to V E N U S, from
the Greek of S A P P H O.*



*Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,* 4

*O goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.*

II.

*If ever thou hast kindly hear'd
A song in soft distress prefer'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now.* 2

*Descend thou bright, immortal, guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.* 12

III.

*Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above :*

The

144 *TRANSLATIONS.*

The car thy wanton sparrows drew;
 Hov'ring in air they lightly flew; 16
 As to my bower they wing'd their way,
 I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

IV.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
 Bore back their empty car again: 20
 Then you, with looks divinely mild,
 In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
 And ask'd, what new complaints I made,
 And why I call'd you to my aid? 24

V.

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
 And by what care to be asswag'd?
 What gentle youth I would allure,
 Whom in my artful toils secure? 28
 Who does thy tender heart subdue,
 Tell me, my *Sappho*, tell me who?

VI.

Tho now he shuns thy longing arms,
 He soon shall court thy slighted charms; 32
 Tho now thy off'rings he despise,
 He soon to thee shall sacrifice;

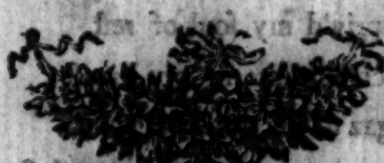
Tho

Tho now he freez, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

II.



III.

My bosom glow'd; the lab'ring flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

H

A



FRAGMENT of SAPPHO.

I.

B LESS'D as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

4

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

3

III.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

12

H

In

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

16

The E N D.



THE ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM

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